

Social Personal

Twenty-five closed houses on Jefferson avenue alone, to say nothing of a comparative number of deserted houses in other residential streets, is a sufficient basis for a fitting remark to be sung over summer gales which are now but dim memories. There is no known pestilence in Scranton, neither is it witnessing a reign of terror, nor is it the scene of anarchy and strife—but it is hot, it has been hot, and it will be hot. Walk where you will about the residence localities and it will be found that the mansions are closed or are in charge of keepers, while the families are basking at pleasure resorts where the sunshine is tempered by cool breezes.

It has been truthfully said that Scranton is not a city for enjoyable summer recreation, though its environments receive and are enjoyed by a large number of vacationists and permanent summer visitors. This fact is not so plainly apparent during the present season, when there is an absolute absence of any sufficiently numbered set to make a social affair even a mediocre success. The few who are compelled to remain in the city realize this and are content to attempt nothing beyond trying to keep cool—realizing that this is diversion enough.

There seems to be an increasing tendency among the women to attend the races of the Gentlemen's Driving Club, and the club's third meet today will probably be greeted by a generous presence of the fair sex. In fact, the attention doesn't seem strange that the presence of women is more generously solicited than the presence of men at such semi-public affairs? Of course this is understood from a purely social standpoint or in the case of a young man, whose young sister-in-law's sister. But most women cannot tell a single-footer from a pacer, say it's "oared to put those things on its toes," or exclaim, "My, I wouldn't want a sponge jammed into my mouth that way." Now to allege that fair women give "tone" to such gatherings is true, but does not such a statement imply an absence of fair men? It seems a simple problem; but this column will beg the question and under "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," will insist with the statement that the women are wanted, they're willing to be wanted—so what are you going to do about it?

The marriage of Miss Helen B. Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Potter, of South Main avenue, to Robert J. Williams was solemnized Wednesday noon in the Simpson Methodist Episcopal church, by Rev. D. W. Skelinger, pastor of the Washington Presbyterian church, of which both the contracting parties are connected. The Washington Street church is in course of erection which accounts for the ceremony in the Simpson church.

The wedding was marked by its simplicity and absence of formality, the bride and groom entering the church unattended. Immediately after the ceremony they departed on the 12:50 Jersey Central train for Philadelphia, Washington and other points in the near north. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are among the best known and most popular West Side people; he is a member and manager of the firm of J. D. Williams & Bro., and his bride has been a teacher at No. 18 school. They will reside on the West Side.

The pupils of T. J. Davies, msa. bac., gave a musical recital in Hulbert's music store Wednesday evening. The programme rendered was a delightful one and was highly creditable to Professor Davies and his pupils. They were assisted by Miss Anna Williams, elocutionist, and by Philip H. Warren, basso. The pupils who took part were Miss E. LaVerna Mitchell, Mrs. Charles Metzger, Mrs. J. H. Fratchy, T. Beynon, Miss Mary Dill, Miss Loretta Jennings, D. Glyn James, Miss Anna R. Williams, Miss Lettie Doyle, Miss Minnie Parry Thomas, Miss Kate Saul, Robert Blackman, James T. Geisdes, Peter Peuser and E. Percy James. Professor Silas, of St. Paul's church, Green Ridge, accompanied several of the numbers.

On August 22 Professor Haydn Evans' Concert company will leave for Wales in the steamer City of Berlin. Wales and England they will give a series of thirty concerts. The company is made up of the following musicians: Miss Sadie Kaiser, Wilkes-Barre, soprano; Miss Coriella Freeman, Hanington, alto; Joseph P. Baras, Wilkes-Barre, basso; James A. Wyl, Parsons, tenor; Miss Julia Allen, Scranton, violinist; Professor Haydn Evans, accompanist and director. Richard Thomas and Richard Williams will not go with the party. B. D. Wedge, the advance agent, will leave for Wales on the first of the month. John H. Blackwood will accompany the party as business manager.

An enjoyable social affair at Winton Thursday evening was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Wedge in honor of Mr. Wedge's sister, Miss Mary Wedge, of New York. The event included games, music and singing until a late hour, when light refreshments were served. Among the guests were Misses Annie Fiecler, of New York; Minnie Dorall, Annie Hunter, Mary and Lizzie Cairns, Lizzie Sever, Helen and Nettie Morgan, Cassie Johns, and Robert Barnes, J. Boyle, Harry Comer, William Cairns, Filbert North, George Taylor, Jobans and Harry Fleischer and Fred Severs.

James Harris, of Summit avenue, gave a social and lawn party to the members of the R. F. Social club and ladies at his home on Tuesday evening. Among the guests were: Misses Conger, Eppinger, Wilson, Powell, T. Birtley, N. Birtley, Thomas, Simpson, Wademan, Winters, Anusley, Hawkins, Scott, and Messrs. Emery, Peck, Payne, Mally, Kantor, Gill, Griffin, Ramson, Francois, Owens, Elliot, Palmer, Probert.

Miss Lillie D. Staples and Seymour H. Cottle were married at the home of the bride's parents in this city Thursday noon by Rev. Warren G. Partridge.

Miss Harriet Harvey and Rev. W. J. Ford will be married Wednesday afternoon in the Green Ridge Baptist church.

The marriage of Miss Mary A. Price to Harry C. Hall will occur Wednesday evening, Aug. 8, at White Haven.

MUSIC AMONG CATTLE

AN ENGLISH GIRL SAVES HER LIFE BY SINGING TO A HERD.

Surrounded by Wild and Fierce Animals She Lifts Up Her Voice in Song. The Wonderful Effect of Opera Upon Creatures of the Plains.

My brother and I were spending part of September in one of the loveliest of the parks of Colorado. Our home was a quaint log ranch, containing the eating and sitting rooms, with small wooden houses grouped around, each containing one or more sleeping apartments. It lay at the far end of the park, nestled under the huge mountains which form the buttresses of the storm beaten giant known as Long's Peak.

My brother is an untiring fisherman, and the river running through the park supplied him with endless occupation, so I had to seek amusement for myself, and found it in sketching, trying to catch some of the wonderful effects of color, always varying on the forest and mountains.

Doubtless many of my readers know what is meant by a mountain park; but for those who do not I explain that the term is used for open ground inclosed between mountain ranges. This particular one is perhaps seven miles long, and at its widest a mile broad, but narrowing greatly in parts. The surrounding mountains form a complete wall, and, until very lately, it was considered inaccessible on all sides but one.

In my quest for sketchable bits it was my fashion to start off on long expeditions by myself, which from the first greatly surprised the folks at the ranch, my hosts assuring me that no one but an English lady could be so brave.

AT THE Pie Counter.

One of the interesting relics treasured by Hon. Theo. Hart, of Pittston, whose publication in the twin valleys, is a faded copy of the old Gazette bearing date of Nov. 10, 1838. The publisher, in that remote day, was "H. H. Puleston," who occupied the place "his desk" new brick building one door south of Clark's new store, up stairs. This then important journal is now the oldest and finest in the State. It was the work of an old man, Sir John Puleston, who can today draw his check for a million pounds sterling with the same ease that, in the old days, he could produce a note for one hundred and chase the elusive type metal from its folds. The Gazette in those days, was no larger than two pages of THE TRIBUNE. No more striking thing would be a liberal estimate to put upon its total amount of pure reading matter. Nevertheless, the public paid its dollar a year for it, in cash, produce or promises, and just as much as now when the mails misbehave.

THE WOMAN BARBER.

Before this newer age began We thought the art torsorial Belonged to rights to man From ages that are long ago But she has come, with silent tread, To prove to all the nations That man is not pre-eminently In barber-shop operations.

Oh, shaving is a sweet delight Since she the razor wielded; Her heart into his hands so bright Has altogether yielded. And though she thinks it's only gash, I feel ecstatics amaze her. I feel her hand on my neck and brush And goodness of the razor.

Some day, with lather on my cheek (Such is the plan, I hear), I shall courageously see The hand of my fair barber. Her 'No' she has already found. Some man to love and praise her, Her "No" would "cut" me, I'll be bound. More deeply than her razor.

WILD CATTLE AMAZED.

A few days later I was returning to supper when about a mile from the ranch I saw a large number of cattle massed across the way I had to go. Remembering my march on the mountains lying over, I marched on, looking daunted, and when within easy hearing struck up my "Chœur de Soldats." As before, the animals all faced about and gazed at me steadily; but, instead of dispersing they moved slowly toward me like a moving wall. Leader and leader I came on until, looking beyond and around me, I saw cattle everywhere, all moving in my direction—up the slope from the river, down the mountains on my right, up the track I had come—cattle slowly but surely closing me in. They were not fierce in aspect, but they looked great and sent shivers of a meditative way; but still they came nearer and nearer, a vast, noiseless army. I doubt if Patti ever held spellbound a more attentive crowd than gathered round me on that lonely plain, with the great vista of the mountains lying over us, and the golden glories of the setting sun blending rock, river and cattle into a gleaming haze.

AIRED BY A PARABOL.

Closer, closer they came, until I could feel their hot breath like a cloud round me, and then a gentle poke, now in the neck, now in the side, from their long horns. I am still convinced that my intentions were good, none the less it was evident there could be but one end of such an increasing pressure. For a moment I despaired; then, with considerable difficulty for lack of space, I opened my parasol, and the animals, as if by magic, moved with all the strange and nervous movements, and charged straight at my feet.

To my thankful surprise, the bewildered animals gave way one by one and fairly poured a line, down which I rushed, brandishing my weapon. When free of them I dashed to look back, to find them all stealthily slipping after me in still another line, but no more moved a step in pursuit of me. Five minutes later I met a mounted farm servant with a long whip coming in search of me, having heard that the cattle had come down to graze.

It Was Easily Hushed.

It is not always the most devotional in a congregation that most liberally respond to a call for funds. Dr. Morley Punched up a Methodist brother who was so devoted that there was no end to his religious ejaculations. At one of his meetings the minister asked a steward if he couldn't abate the brother's sum extent. When the prayer began the perfect storm of "Amen" and "Hiss the Lord's" broke out, but it suddenly came to an end when the steward cried out, "I have a word to say to the Lord." He being asked at the meeting what he had produced the magic effect the steward answered: "Oh, it is very simple. I asked him to give one dollar to the missionary cause."—New York Herald.

Queer Translations in an Old Bible.

Cyberus, Balaam is called both "the Treacher Bible" and "Bug Bible" from two curious renderings. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" is rendered, "Is there no more treacle at Galiland?" And in the Psalms, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day." In the ninth Psalm, "Put them in fear, O Lord," is rendered by Coverdale as, "Set a schoolmaster over them."—Chambers' Journal.

The Need for Entored Pablicity.

Special legislation has attained with us a wider range than it ever had in England, and our problem in regulating it is an ever-growing one. Our lobby evils have also grown to much more formidable proportions than they ever reached, for they have had an almost unrestricted field for growth both in Congress and in our state legislatures since their appearance in the former in 1763, until they have attained a stage of development extraordinary in the ingenuity and intricacy of their ramifications.

In most cases nowadays the lobby's real work is no longer done in the state house or capitol, but in the primaries and nomi-

A Very Peculiar Ride.

Time softens all things, including the memory of disagreeable incidents. What, at the time, may have been irritating, painful or intensely disagreeable, after a lapse of years becomes a matter of pride or amusement. Otherwise this anecdote, which relates an incident anything but funny at the time of occurrence, would never have been recalled. It was told by a gentleman now in prosperous circumstances.

When I was a young man, said he, I had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, and for a time did any odd job that came to my hand. One very rainy night, very nearly 1 o'clock in the morning, I was passing along Chestnut street, in Philadelphia, when I was accosted by a gentleman whom I knew slightly.

"Jim," said he hurriedly, "I want you to take a message for me to 'Brown street' (a locality near Fairmount park), and I will pay you a dollar for delivering it, and I'll give you another dollar to pay your cab hire out there."

It must be borne in mind that this was before the days of district messengers, and the local telegraph offices were closed at 10 o'clock p. m.

I agreed to carry the message—a letter—and going around to the corner of Ninth street found a single cab standing there. It was a most dilapidated vehicle, with two wretched horses, and the driver was in keeping, being old, poorly clad, and, as I soon discovered, extremely hard of hearing.

However, it was Hobson's choice, and after some chaffering I got into the cab and it started. Away we rattled up Ninth street and out Ridge avenue, and had gone perhaps two squares long when the driver, when a most extraordinary accident happened. The floor of the cab gave way beneath my feet.

I was half asleep at the time, and when I awoke my senses I was stuck in the debris, my head and feet protruding above the bottom boards, and the seat as well as the bottom boards fell into the street, except one jagged piece that kept hanging the ends of my legs.

Placing either hand on the side sash of the cab doors I trotted along inside the cab, my head and feet protruding above the wheels. The old horse clattered along at a spirited rate. I dared not drop for fear the jagged board would knock out my brains, and so I was compelled to keep running. In short, I ran clear out to Fairmount park, nearly forty squares away.

I could have cried with vexation at the time, and I had a fearful row with the cabman, but now I can afford to laugh at what was as ludicrous a disaster as ever happened in civilized life.—Youth's Companion.

Testing the Oysters.

A Chicago lady called upon Health Officer Wickersham upon a mysterious illness. She brought with her half a dozen fresh oysters. "They have been trying to poison me again, doctor," she said, as she laid the oysters before him.

"Oh, no, I guess not," replied the official. "Yes, they have," said the visitor, "I've outwitted them this time, you see. I have brought the poisoned oysters right to you to be analyzed. There they are."

The doctor gazed quietly with the lady, trying to convince her that she was the victim of an hallucination, but his labors were vain. Realizing the uselessness of argument under those circumstances, the doctor chatted pleasantly with his visitor till she became quieter, and then said, "So the poison is in these oysters, is it?"

"Yes, I'm certain of it."

The doctor picked up one of the bivalves, nibbled at it cautiously for a moment, and with a sigh of satisfaction, slipped it into his mouth.

"My stars that was good!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. "Your cook understands his business. That was fit for a king."

And without more ado the remaining oysters, one after another, went to satisfy the hunger of the health department of the city of Chicago.

Pay of Women for Sewing in France.

In Paris bastards do not work during January and April and are paid about thirty-five centimes an hour. In embroidery no work is done in June, July and August; if skillful, the workers are often paid at rates varying from three to twenty-five francs a day. Embroidery in silk and wool is especially well paid. The making of soldiers' linen is remunerated at the rate of from thirty-four to forty-five centimes an hour. Corset makers for nine hours' good work receive an average of four francs a day. Dressmaking is very well paid, and so is the sewing of furs and the making of costumes for theaters. Ready-made clothes for export can generally be worked at home, and sometimes mantuamakers and ready-made dressmakers can also take their work to the country.

The aspirant for employment in the mantuamaker's trade must learn the art of trying on, and, if possible, must know one foreign language. For these the salary is from two to four francs a day. In this trade it appears that there is no international war, as well as in the making of gloves, the making of hosiery, umbrellas and parasols is intermittent, and so is the making of trimming of all kinds, this being dependent upon fashion.—Exchange.

Buying His First Silk Hat.

He walked into the big hat store and looked about him timidly. He was rather underdressed, and it was evident from his manner that he was about to take a very important step in the matter of headgear. He was. His mission was to purchase his first silk hat. It is peculiar how deeply most men will meditate on that step before they take it. The particular person now under discussion is thought to have had secured his courage up to the sticking point, but he hadn't. A clerk approached him and his courage failed him. Show me a derby, he said. The polite clerk showed several derbies, which the young man listlessly tried on.

None of them suited him, of course. Finally he said: "I wonder how a silk hat would become me. Do you think I could wear one?" "Wear one? Of course you could," said the clerk. "You're just like everybody else who buys a silk hat for the first time. The particular clerk he had under discussion is thought to have had secured his courage up to the sticking point, but he hadn't. A clerk approached him and his courage failed him. Show me a derby, he said. The polite clerk showed several derbies, which the young man listlessly tried on.

Left Struggling.

A Turk had fallen into a well. A Jew ran for a ladder to get him out. "No, no," said the son of the Crescent, "I am not going to climb your ladder, as this is Friday, the day consecrated to Allah."

In spite of his entreaties the Jew had to go away and leave the Turk paddling in the water up to his chin.

The next day the Jew went to see how the disciple of Mahomet had spent the night. The ladder, for Allah's sake, the ladder! shrieked all the Jews in desperation. "Allah forbid!" replied the Jew, "don't you know this is Saturday, our Sabbath?" And of he went, leaving the Turk still struggling in the water.—Journal de Bruxelles.

An Electric Drilling Machine.

One of the applications of electricity is that of a machine for drilling holes in boilers, in the sides of iron vessels and in other places where iron or steel is the material to be worked upon.

The machine has its own holding-contract, and it may be worked over the side of a ship, or placed on the surface of a boiler, where it will stick, without the necessity of clamping.

The convenience of such a device, adjustable as it is by the mere twisting of a current, is great, while it is claimed the saving of labor resulting therefrom is considerable.—New York Journal.

A Novel Treatise.

A couple of Norwegian engineers have invented an iceboat that is constructed upon a different plan from those ordinarily in use. The ice is not broken by ramming, as at present, but it is sawn through by cleverly constructed saws that cut the ice. Another apparatus thrusts the ice thus cut from the channel, so that it will no longer obstruct the passage or endanger the safety of vessels.—New York Journal.

The Point of View.

Average Woman—What? Not going to church today? Average Man—What the use? Our new preacher is so near sighted he can't tell whether we're there or not.—New York Weekly.



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Revised Official Programme OF THE Laurel Hill Park MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Will appear in this space next week.

"The Martyrs of the Arena," with quartet, for male parties numbering not less than 25 and not over 40. Prize, \$150. (Novello).

"Waldmorgen," by Koehler, a German selection for German male parties, numbering not less than 16 and not over 25. Prize, \$100.

"The Wanderer," bass solo. Prize, \$12. J. J. Roberts, M.D.

J. COURIER MORRIS, General Secretary.

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The latest improved furnishing and apparatus for keeping meat, butter and eggs. 223 Wroning Ave.

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Look Here! There are a great many cards, pamphlets, circulars and other advertising matter constantly being distributed among the public. Not everybody has a taste for reading. Have your printing done in an attractive and novel style. Draw people's attention by something catchy and rarely seen. THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE JOB DEPT. is able to please you in every respect.

A Surprising Party. Little Jack—Mamma, can I go to the surprise party at Billy Butt's tonight? Mamma—Who are going? "Oh, all the boys; 'bout a hundred." "Mercy! the parpys you won't be welcome!" "Oh, yes, indeed. Billy invited us himself." "He did? Who who is to be surprised?" "I dunno. His mother I guess."—Good News.

Engaged. "Hallo, Cadley," said Bronson, entering the restaurant, "how are you?" "Pretty well." "What are you doing now?" "Well, I can't come in here two hours ago I was not in business, but I've changed some since; I'm a waiter just now.—Harper's Bazar.

The Point of View. Average Woman—What? Not going to church today? Average Man—What the use? Our new preacher is so near sighted he can't tell whether we're there or not.—New York Weekly.